

VOLUME 22

THE VANISH

FIFTH ANNUAL

THE VANISH

was edited by GREG BENFORD (204 Foreman Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma) and TED WHITE (107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y.), with the able assistance of WALTER BREEN and PETE GRAHAM, plus the willing backs of LES GERBER, ANDY REISS and BHOB STEWART, all of whom helped in the assembly and various other chores. British agent: RON BENNETT (7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks., England). Price: 25¢ or 1/-.

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|----|
| HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER by Greg Benford | 3 |
| ON THE DEATH OF KENT MOOMAW by Les Gerber | 8 |
| A STORY by Andrew Joel Reiss | 10 |
| ABOUT THOSE OTHER FANDOMS by Walter Breen | 12 |
| GAMBIT 36 by Ted White | 17 |
| LETTERS (first part) | 20 |
| VANDALS OF THE VOID by Bob Tucker | 27 |
| LUNACON 1960 by Ted White | 38 |
| LUNACON SCENES by Andy Reiss & Steve Stiles | 39 |
| WEST COAST JASS by Pete Graham | 47 |
| THE WAILING WALL by John Champion | 49 |
| BRICKS FROM A GLASS HOUSE by Tom Condit | 53 |
| VOID'S SUNDRY SECTION by Nirenberg, Reiss, Gerber & White | 54 |
| ELEGY TO RONALD PARKER by Larry Ivie | 61 |
| LETTERS (second part) | 63 |
| WONDERFUL TOWN by Ted White | 65 |

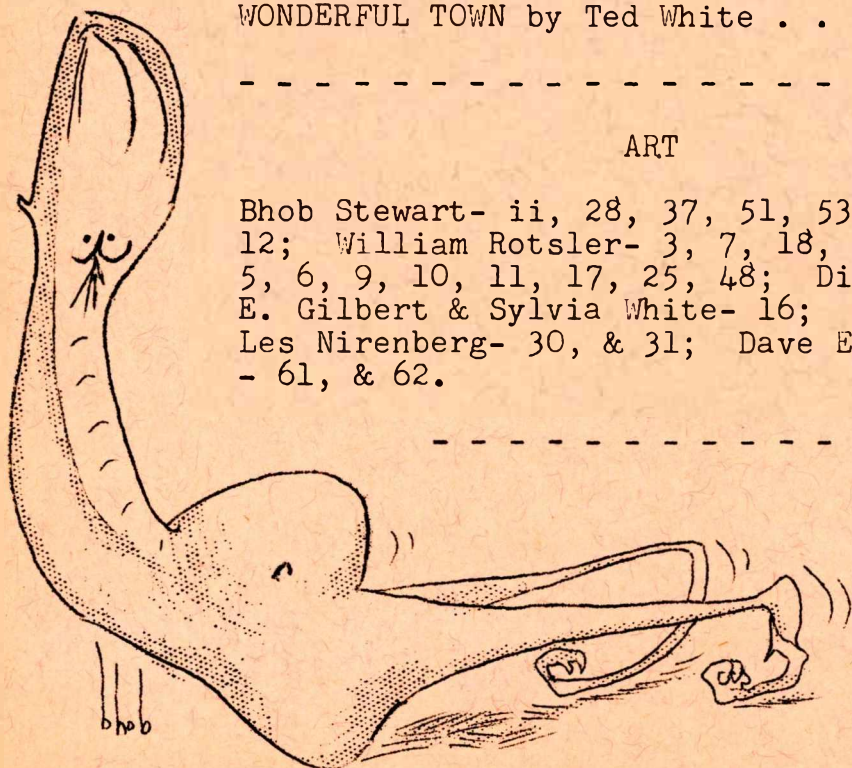
ART

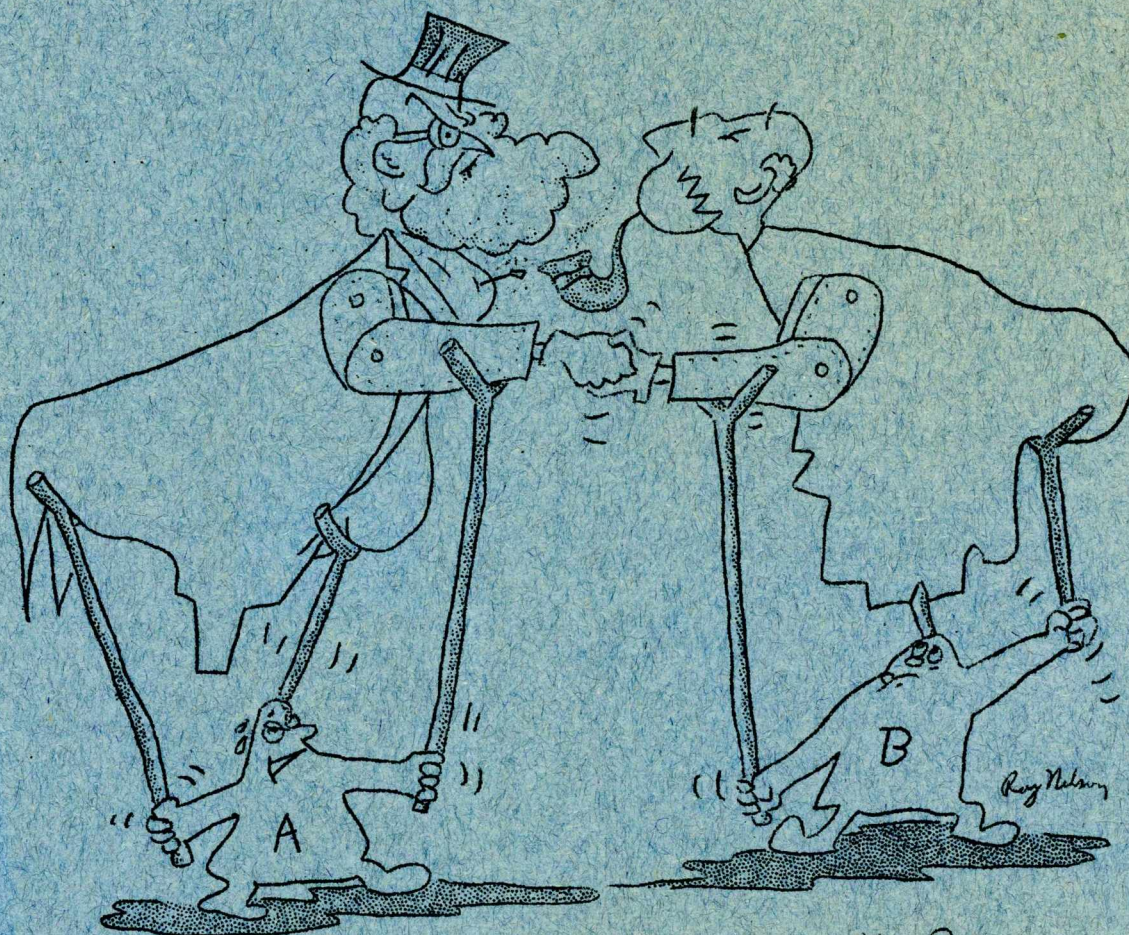
Bhob Stewart- ii, 28, 37, 51, 53, 65; Ray Nelson- 1, & 12; William Rotsler- 3, 7, 18, 20, 47; Andy Reiss- 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 17, 25, 48; Dick Schultz- 14; Robert E. Gilbert & Sylvia White- 16; Ron Archer- 27, & 49; Les Nirenberg- 30, & 31; Dave English- 34; Larry Ivie - 61, & 62.

Mimeo by QWERTYUIO-
Press, of course.

Sixty-six pages....
that's not too many.

R.E. FOR TAFF! WASH-
INGTON D.C. IN '63!





GREAT MR. A, MEET THE FAMOUS MR. B.

VOID 22
Jannish

FIFTH
ANNISH

PART ONE
MAY, 1980

VOID Pt1

is the first segment of "the monthly fmz" (yes, we know we're a little late this), edited by GREG BENFORD (10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas, for the summer) and TED WHITE (107 Christopher St., NYC 14, and like that). Ted's new co-publisher is WALTER BREEN (311 E. 72 St., NYC

21). Copies are as usual available for cash (25¢ a copy, or 1/- in sterling areas), trade, contributions, or regular acknowledgements (letters of comment). For once, subbers are getting their two bits' worth. Our English agent is Ron Bennett (7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks.) to whom all British subs should be sent. We support Seattle in '61, Washington in '63, and egoboo for us...

CONTENTS OF PART ONE:

| | |
|--|----|
| HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER still by Greg Benford, as always | 3 |
| ON THE DEATH OF KENT MOOMAW by Leslie Gerber | 8 |
| A STORY by Andrew Joel Reiss | 10 |
| ABOUT THOSE OTHER FANDOMS by Walter Breen | 12 |
| GAMBIT 36 an editorial, or maybe a column by Ted White | 17 |
| LETTERS from all kinds of people | 20 |
| FAPA FIELD a genuine pre-Brandon-type poem by Boob Stewart | 24 |

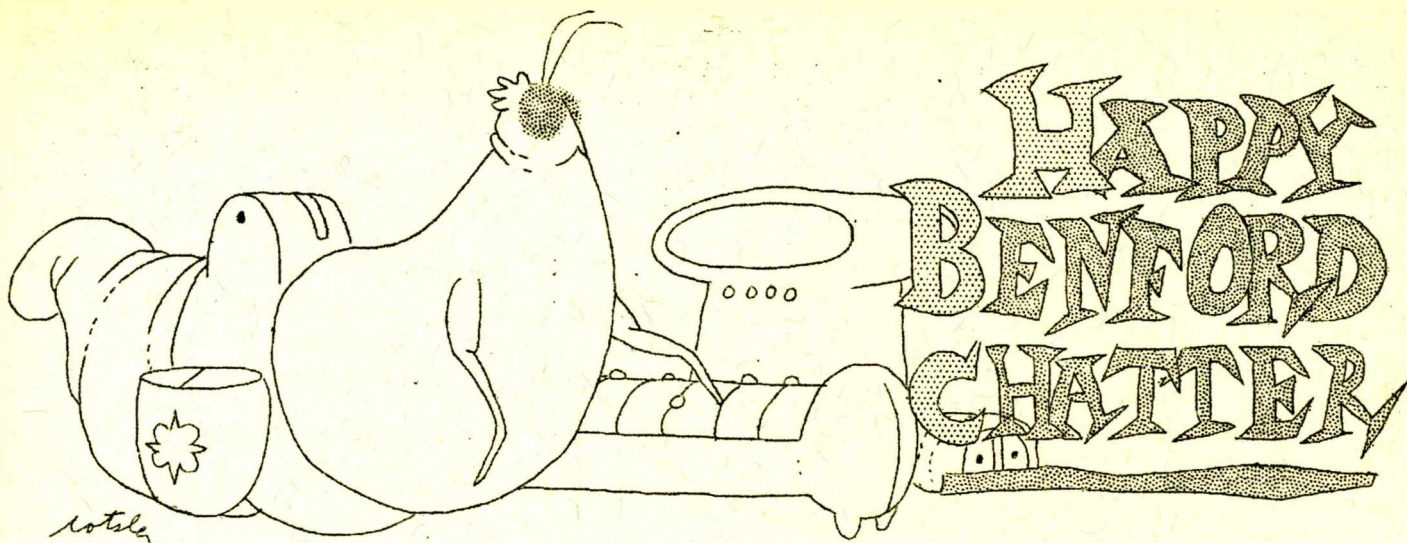
COVER by Ray Nelson INTERIOR ART: Wm. Rotsler- 3,7,18,20; Andy Reiss- 4,5,6,9,10,11,17; Ray Nelson- 12; Dick Schultz- 14; Robert E. Gilbert & Sylvia White- 16; illo on p. 24 gestefaxed courtesy Les Gerber, artist unknown. We need more cartoons--lots more...

This is VOID's Fifth Annish, and by all odds it is the most unusual issue to appear in V's five-year history. We'd originally planned it as a fifty-page issue, to come out around the end of May, but as you can see, such is not the case. Instead, the VAN-NISH will be a three-part zine, each part consisting of twenty-four pages and mailed separately. Our stumbling blocks (you should pardon the expression) have been the volume of material to be stencilled, combined with my utter lack of time to stencil it. I now write two monthly columns professionally, in addition to my other professional work (which consists of writing--you know, at a typer) and until this week (beginning June 6th) I haven't had a breathing spell. Lots of other people have been helping, however. Les Gerber and Walt Breen did practically all the assembling and mailing of the last issue, and will probably be of material (no pun intended) help on this's trilogy. Bill Sarill, on his trips down from Cambridge, has helped with cutting stencils. Les Nirenberg has been plugging away with ideas and contributions which arrive more than one a week. Mighod, I can't turn around without running into offers of help, ideas, contributions, and--bless them--money.

This monster of a zine, the first segment of which you are now reading, has been designed so that each part stresses a different, well, theme, sort of. That is, you can't just put the three together and have one zine which looks planned from beginning to end as one zine. We could've worked it that way, but we figured we'd take advantage of the unique set-up we've got with this thing, and perhaps surprise you a bit. The second segment should follow within two weeks, and the third in about equal time after that.

Several people have noticed and commented on the fact that VOID might seem to be turning into a New York fanzine. VOID is not an anyplace fanzine; it is only that we believe in exploiting opportunities. Right now a whole new group of talented fans are springing up here. They have no common denominator--several don't care for each other--other than an ability to supply the kind of material we like to run. They're here, they're convenient. So they're in VOID. But VOID is a "New York fanzine" only by coincidence.

-Ted White



FIVE YEARS SHOT TO HELL This is the fifth year of continuous publication for VOID. You may wonder how this feat was achieved by what was only half a decade ago a pale, wan and sickly 13-year-old neofan. How could this have grown from the small acorn which burst forth upon the world five years ago? How is this possible? Well, I don't know either.

Actually, the first 13 issues of VOID weren't produced by me alone; my brother Jim played a vital part. I know a few of you will arch your collective eyebrows when I say that. Some of these foolhardy souls have even gone so far as to state that Jim does not exist. To anyone who has met us this is obviously untrue. Why, no lesser lights than Art Thomson, Boyd Raeburn, George Jennings, Dick Ellington and Randy Brown have met us. They've met us both. Surely this must mean something.

Aside from the simple declarations of faith of the above people, I have no evidence to present of Jim's presence on this earth. All I can say is that if Jim does not exist after all, I am going to be awfully disillusioned.

In one of the issues of VOID which Jim (have faith!) and I published shortly after arriving in Dallas, I covered the history of the zine and brought to light all the little details fans love to hear regarding it. So I won't go into them here. Anyway, I can't find that issue of VOID to copy my editorial out of this time, so I'm going to have to write something else...

VOID never came into prominence before its seventh issue, when we dropped our German fandom orientation and started publishing a great deal of fannish material. Almost as though there were some van Vogt-ish law about it, from that moment on we were plagued with strange people who became known to us through fandom.

About the most outstanding of these was Mike Gates, who actually went so far as to publish a fanzine while I knew him. We met Gates shortly after moving to Frankfurt, and more or less knew him while we were there. Gates was always an enigma to me. He was of exceptional intelligence, had a fairly good education, and could plan and carry out actions efficiently. In short, he just wasn't the fannish type. And yet he was a real gosh-wow neofan for almost all of the year or so I knew him. He had a medium build, a sort of chipmunk-ish look about him, wore glasses and walked like an Inspector General. I kept looking for his riding crop and boots whenever he came over to read my fanzines.

I think Mike Gates, boy wonderdog, was driven to fandom. He was the sort that didn't fit into the teenage crowd, and would keep demonstrating this until he didn't fit into any crowd at all. Jim and I never really tried to get him into our microcosm--Gates was the sort who just fell in. He and I would ride the same bus to school, and every day he would talk about some fanzine I had given him, or something, on the way to school. One day I realized that Gates was now a fan--he was using words like "fanac"



We're tired of fake photos which misrepresent Boyd Raeburn as a j.d.-type hood. The above is a genuine untouched photo. (courtesy Gestefax)

and "gafia" as normal conversation. And this immediately made me uncomfortable. What if people started identifying me with Gates? What black curse would descend upon my head? The rest of my stay in Germany is the tale of my efforts to avoid Mike Gates.

I only effectively dodged Gates for about two months. Our high school was having a dance of some sort after a basketball game, and someone threw a few fireworks, etc down into the crowd. Unfortunately there were also a few devices in this shower which produced pungent odors upon breaking, and the dance was called off rather quickly. No one was ever caught, but word went around that Gates had done it. Aha! I thought, A good chance to part our paths. And it worked. This must have Done Something to Gates, however, since it had the opposite effect; he began working on his fanzine. He got a very fine title for it from John Berry--MOTLEY--and gleaned a number of items from other people. At the time I had stopped publishing for a while, but the VOID poll of 1956 was completed, and I wanted to publish it soon. Gates seemed like the logical answer. I could have had it published by a frequent fanzine in the States, but Gates assured me that MOTLEY would be out in time. "Within a week or so," he said. Three months later he handed me a copy.

There are lots of other things, such as the time he took my father's German luger apart and couldn't get it back together, or when he ate all the apples off our only tree, or the time he borrowed over a hundred fanzines and forgot to return them, or...but it's too much. We moved back to the US, and Gates was mercifully forgotten. I learned just a few months ago that he later dropped out of fandom, taking with him as he sunk out of sight some very fine material. We wrote back and forth for a while, and Gates told me all about his fabulous job running about Europe as a photographer and all. When he graduated from high school, his father swore him into the Army, and I hear he's trying to get into West Point now. Imagine, a fan in West Point!

There were other characters who turned up while we were editing VOID, such as local artists and cartoonists we used for a few issues, but no real faaans. I wanted to set Gates' little saga down though, because he once told me he planned to return to fandom in later years and publish a top fanzine. If he ever does come back, I just wanted to let you know what you are in for.

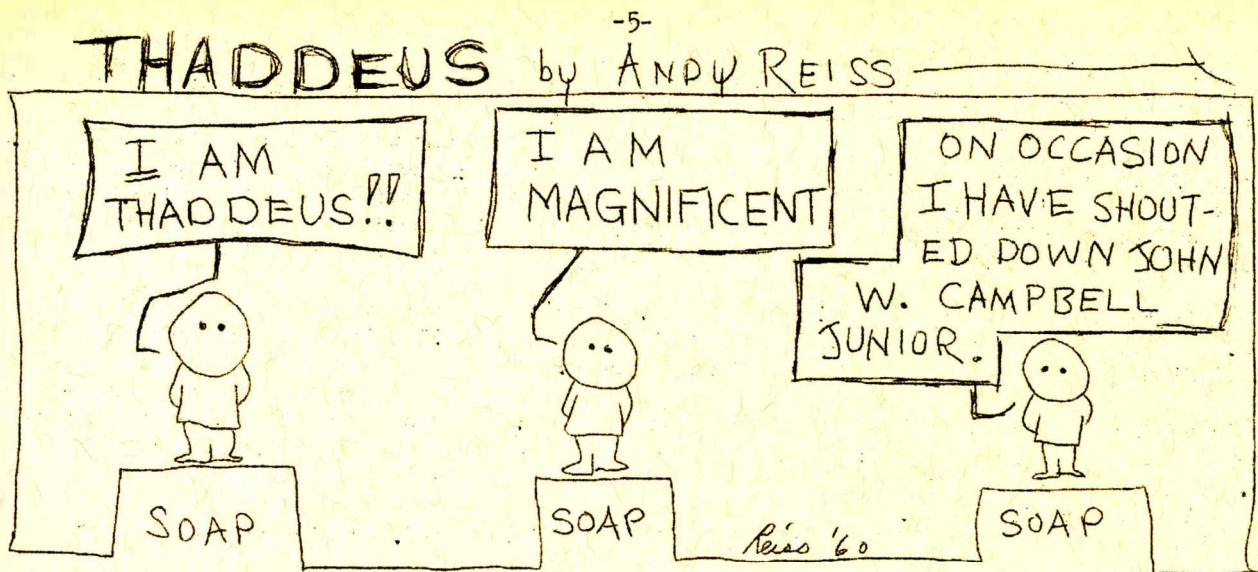
THE FALL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION
or Have You Met Rich Koogle Yet?

Sometime in the fall of 1957 (the exact date has eluded my keen mind) I was officially inaugurated into Dallas fandom. There is a definite ceremony to the occasion, almost like joining the American Legion or some such outstanding, well-known organization.

Tom Reamy came by about 6:30 pm and picked us up to go to the monthly Dallas Futurian Society meeting. The trip was uneventful, since Tom, Jim and I just chatted back and forth about CRIFANAC, Reamy's fmz, our plans for publishing a monthly VOID (ha!), and like that. We pulled up in front of a wooden frame house sunk back from the street and obscured by shrubs and overgrown grass. As our little party approached, the front door opened and Bob Dejoung, who was staying with Reamy at the time, stood revealed. Dejoung, or however the name is spelled, was not too important in Dallas fandom--I think he played along with them because he needed a place to stay until, a few months later, he vanished.

Inside there was a collection of people of varying ages. Over in one corner of a rather dark, shadowy room (I found out later that it was reserved for watching television seven or eight hours a day--Dejoung was a fanatical TV fan) a clct of visiting Fans of Science Fiction were talking and looking around in mild disbelief at the





members of the Society. I had expected to find at least one or two of the original members of Dallas fandom (the ones who published fanzines, that is) but none of them were present. I asked about them, and it seemed they had gotten fed up with the whole mess, dropped out and/or gone to school.

Over in another corner, next to what looked like a fireplace, stood a young man of medium stature and flashing blue eyes. He had a long crewcut, wore overbearing black-rimmed glasses, and was well dressed. He looked like the perfect stereotype of the intrepid, intelligent, farseeing science fiction fan. But then, appearances are deceiving; it was Richard Koogle.

"Hello," I said.

"Hi," he replied, shaking my hand. "I'm Rich Koogle, publisher of UFA BULLETIN. I think I sent you a copy."

My fine fannish mind leapt back to the ink-smeared pair of pages I had received in the mail months before. At the time I thought it was a hoax from Ron Ellick. I owned up to Koogle as having received the zine.

"How did you like it?" he asked. "I'm thinking of expanding the zine and running a series of articles on the best science fiction movies of the last ten years. How would you like to write something for me?"

I went to look at Reamy's stf collection.

The rooms where Reamy conducted his fanac were strange indeed. The walls were "decorated" with the kind of thing Dollens seems to love--combinations of rocket ships and pictures from Health Culture Magazine. There were about half a dozen of these placed at strategic spots throughout the two interconnected rooms, all with the same rocket-and-man themes. The stf collection, however, was most impressive.

About that time Reamy called the meeting to order. There were other people there--Orville Mosher, local fringe-fans who later dropped out, on-lookers Mosher had dragged in. The first half of the meeting consisted of Mosher trying to sell some old stf to the members. I bought eight magazines, fakefan that I was, for a sum total of 5¢. Mosher evidently doesn't think much of The Future Of Science Fiction. After all this was finished, Dale Hart summoned up enough courage to come downstairs (he was living with Reamy too) and meet people. He staggered around, peering near-sightedly into the faces of people seated around the room, and stopped at me.

"Why, you must be Greg Benford," he said.

I didn't argue with him. "I've been looking forward to seeing you, Greg, because we need some new blood in the club. We want people who are really active in fandom to make a name for the Dallas Futurian Society and help us with our convention."

I said I wasn't very active anymore, since I hadn't published anything in half a year. It didn't occur to me at the time that this was hyper-activity on the grand scale for Dallas. Hart began weaving a tale of a New Dallas rising Phoenix-like from the old to dominate fandom throughout the world.

"After the Southwestercon," he said, waving his arms, "we'll make a bid for the world convention. And then we'll help Tom Reamy put out CRIFANAC on a monthly schedule, with all-night publishing sessions and whole weekends devoted to stencil-cutting. Why, we'll take our summer vacations all at the same time so we can get together and put out fanzines!"

For a moment I was silent, reflecting on the wonderful mimeography of Rich Koogle, the stencil-cutting ability of Randy Brown, and other facets of a Dallas publishing session. I began to feel uneasy.

Just then, the business session began. Orville had collected the dues, and was conducting the meeting. Apparently there was to be an election of club officers, and he was campaigning hotly as I came back into the front room and sat down beside Rich Koogle.

Tom Reamy was nominated for president. So was Mosher. The air became tense at this sudden turn of events. Reamy was a nice guy. I voted for him, although I wasn't a member of the club, but no one seemed to notice anything amiss. Reamy won, and as I sat there mulling over my newly-found power to vote in elections for clubs I hadn't joined, Mosher leaped up, shouting that his very own club had turned against him.

"Stabbed in the back by my own child!" he shouted. "You've all turned against me in this hour of decision. I will not forget this blow, mind you, in times to come!" With this, he drew himself up to his full five feet two inches and stalked from the room.

Reamy took over the club amid hand-clapping. He rapidly concluded the business and ajourned the meeting. It was getting late, so we departed with the new president and Rich Koogle. As it developed, Koogle's home was closer, so we went by there first. Reamy drove for a while until we were close to Koogle's street, and Tom asked Richard Koogle, boy pathfinder, for directions.

"Street? House?" Koogle instructed. "Which way do we go?"

We were lost. Koogle directed us around in circles until we managed to find a spot with no recognizable landmarks whatsoever, and Reamy was forced to produce a map. Within a speedy fifteen minutes, we dropped off Koogle and were gone.

As with most things, the first meeting of the DFS I attended was anticlimactic. Mosher called me up a few days later, though, and informed me by symbolic means that Jim and I were among the accepted.

"As soon as I receive your dues you'll have a full membership," he said.

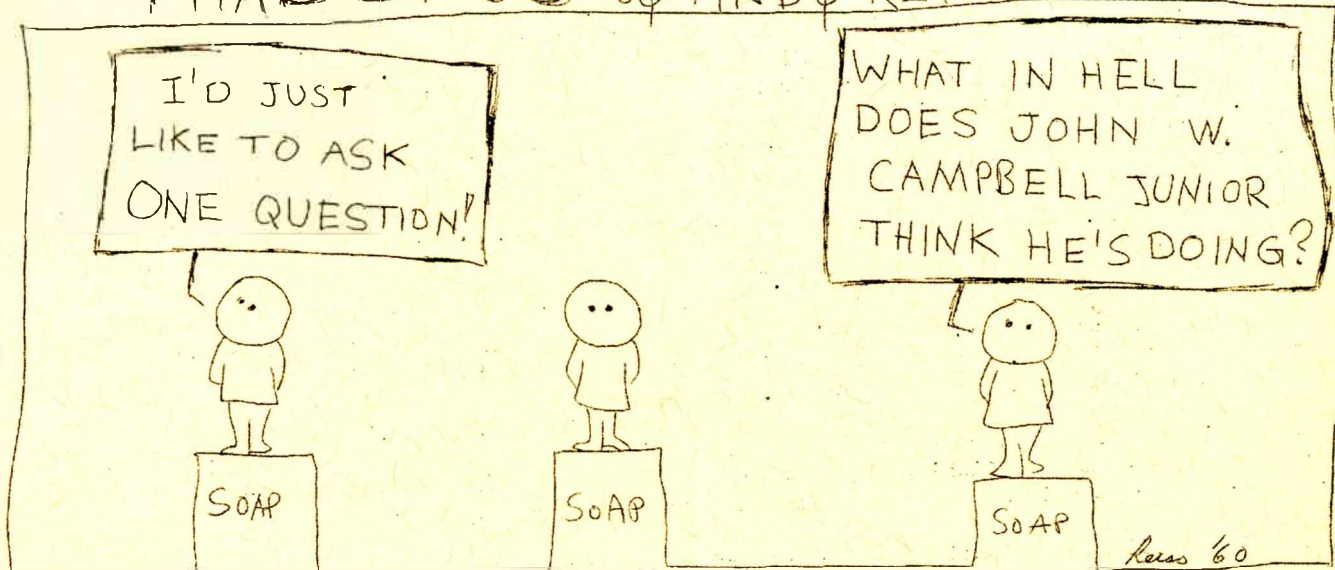
I've really got to mail that check...sometime.

DIRTY OL' TED WHITE last issue intimated, right here in my own fair white editorial, or column, or whatever it is now, that "Marland Frenzel" was the type of name Bob Leman would think up. I can only hope that none of our readers took this suggestion seriously, for it is an obvious libel of Bob's clean name, used only for the vile purposes of Mr. White. I am certain Bob would never have the bad manners to call me up at 3:00 am and ask for the names of Dallas fans. There is no doubt in my mind about this. In fact, as soon as I read this (in my own editorial or whatever, yet) I turned to Jim (who lives with me and exists) and said, "Do you think Bob Leman, Best New Fan of 1958, would call me up at 3 ayem?"

"Of course not," Jim said. "Leman has more social grace than that. Calling someone up at that time of night is an obnoxious thing to do. Bob Leman has been published in HYPHEN, and he would know better than to do that."

Obviously, it was not Bob Leman. He wouldn't come all the way down to Dallas and stay up all night to irritate me. Bob is a busy man; he doesn't have time for fannish pranks. Bob Leman is a family man, burdened with responsibilities. Can

THADDEUS by Andy Reiss



you imagine him coming all the way from Colorado, standing up in a phone booth all night and calling fans? Can you picture him thinking up such an unlikely name as Marland Frenzel for his little hoax? Can you imagine good ol' Bob wasting all that time and money, simply to play a useless joke on me? He is a serious, constructive member of fandom. He would not do such a thing.

Well, I can only say that if you did this, Bob Leman, I am going to beat the hell out of you.

JOE HESTER, FAN I've uncovered a potential fan in one of the dorms at OU. He seems fairly interested in "that stuff", even to the point of reading a lot of my fanzines. His name is Joe Hester, and he is currently learning a few important fan names like Terry Carr, GMCarr (he confuses these two), Boyd Raeburn etc. I'm certain that, if his interest continues, at least he won't sit in the back row and look on. This week I was showing him some British fanzines and happened to turn up a few APORRHETAs with all the focal point hoohaw about Ted in them. Joe was reading one of them, and then, so help me, he threw it across the room and said a VERY nasty word! Just as Dick Geis did years ago! It even hit the wall with a dull thud and fell heavily to the floor. This must be a Sign. How else could two such instances occur within a few years? I tell you, this will prove to be Significant and Vital within the near future. Someday the name of Joe Hester will be known throughout fandom for barbed and penetrating criticism. A light has been shown unto us.

-Greg Benford

[illegible]

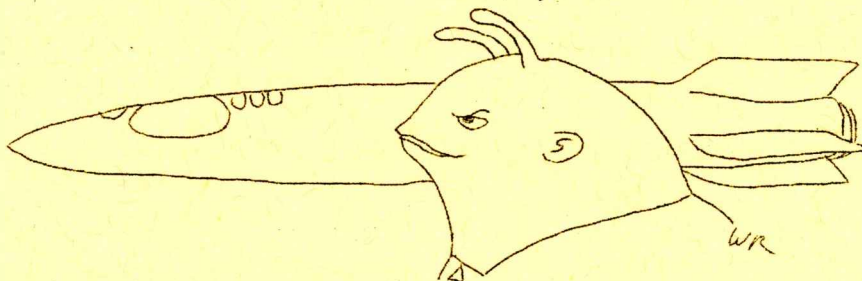
!!! COMES THE REVELATION !!!

The truth about the Hoffman Mystery: The truth is there is no such person as Lee Hoffman. Now, on the first anniversary of QUANDRY, the editor of this fanzine feels that it is time that the truth be revealed! QUANDRY is merely another service of PROXYBOO,LTD. Once each month the intrepid Master-fan, Walter A. Willis, goes into a dark closet wherein he keeps an aged and battered Underwood typewriter. He seats himself before this typewriter and begins to type at random. When he has completed the customary 30 stencils and filled in the names of fans who have hired PROXYBOO,LTD. to represent them in actifandom above the various stories and articles and at the ends of the letters he had composed concerning previous issues (how did you think The Harp got such rave notices?) he turns the stencils over to his wife, who is given the honor of doing the menial tasks such as mimeoing, printing, dittoing, assembling, etc. for PROXYBOO,LTD. She mimeos QUANDRY and assembles it. Then the complete mailing is flown to Walt's representative in Savannah, Ga. USA (a Civil War Veteran who lives in the hills of Ga. on a modest income from the sales of white mule). This representative (who can't read and so doesn't realize just what he is doing) deposits the mailing in what he believes to be a waste disposal unit (which accounts for the large amount of trash being sent through the Georgia mails nowadays). Incoming mail addressed to 101 Wagner Street, is delivered by the post office to that address (a ramshackled old house balanced precariously between two cemeteries) and dropped into a "mail chute" which is really the opening of a pneumatic tube which whisks the mail to Ireland where Walt receives it, answers as much of it as was submitted by members of PROXYBOO,LTD. (You see, when a member of PROXYBOO,LTD. receives a fanzine he notifies Walt of this fact and Walt supplies him with a letter ready to mail to the editor of the fmz -- this may seem like a waste since the letters are returned to Walt, but think of all the postal employees it keeps happy -- and remember that until a short time ago, each member of PROXYBOO,LTD. believed that he was the only member.)

Now you know.

-Lee Hoffman, in QUANDRY 13, "the QUANNISH"

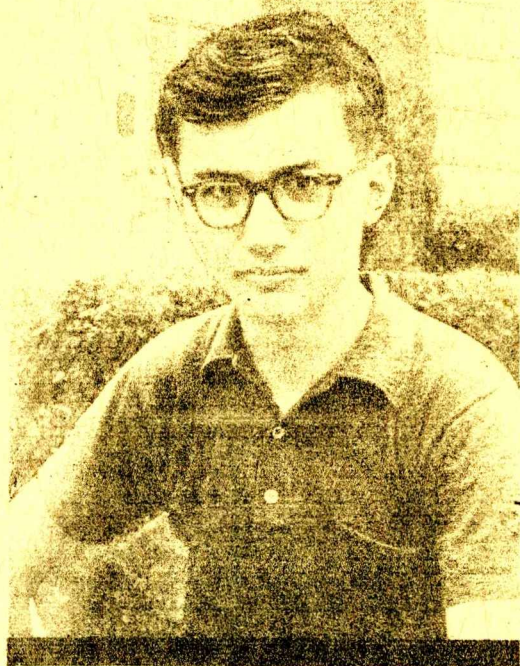
[REDACTED]



LESLIE GERBER:

ON THE

DEATH OF KENT MOOMAW



kent moomaw, midwestcon 1958 - photo by dick lupoff

At the beginning of November, 1958, I received FANAC #28 with the news that Kent Moomaw had killed himself. At the time, I felt little more than shock. I did not know Kent Moomaw, had never corresponded, had never received any of his fanzines or sent him any of mine. All I'd known him by were a few letters of his I'd seen in CRY and YANDRO.

Since then, I've learned a bit more about Kent Moomaw. I got a copy of the first ABERRATION, read a few of his stories and more of his letters, and thought a lot about him. Mostly I thought and speculated about him.

One of the things I decided was that he was a very intelligent boy, perhaps even extremely brilliant. I have a number of reasons for supposing this, chiefly his sharp critical ability and insight, and his creative ability. It is also usual for a fan who does as well in fandom as Kent did to be intelligent, since fans in general are almost all of above average intelligence.

What impressed me most, though, was reading "The Adversaries", Kent's magnum opus. Despite a number of derogatory or deprecatory statements I'd read about it, I found it to be not only an excellent piece of faan-fiction but also an excellent piece of fiction with genuine artistic merit. Read the story over yourself, and I think you'll find that it not only possesses cleverness -- which is, after all, all we expect from faan-fiction -- but that it creates real characters out of Kent's experience, places them into a dramatic situation of conflict and resolves that situation according to the personalities of the characters. It does all that a good piece of fiction is supposed to do, and while it's no great masterpiece of the short story form, it is the best piece of faan-fiction I've ever read, considered on its merits as fiction.

I have created in my mind a portrait of Kent Moomaw, based on what I know about him, what I've read about him, and what I know about teenagers in general, especially intelligent teenagers and fan teenagers. The portrait is probably not entirely accurate, but it has served my speculations well.

Kent Moomaw was an introvert. He had his own set of values which didn't seem to be the same as those of people he knew. He had ambitions which others thought ridiculous, even in fandom. Probably his parents felt this way. He turned to fandom as a refuge from the stupidity he found in the mundane world.

But perhaps Kent was finding that fandom wasn't enough. Fandom is fun and perhaps more than fun, but it can't be a way of life for a person with nothing else. Maybe while he was on his way to register for the draft, he realized that he might be forced away from fandom and not even have that left.

Perhaps a lot of things, but he took a razor blade and slashed his wrists -- both of them -- and his throat.

Can you imagine the will to die it takes to slash both your wrists and your throat? Can you imagine how it would feel to cut your wrist and see the blood running out -- see your life running out -- and then cut the other wrist and your throat? Can you imagine not

I have talked to two people who attempted to commit suicide. Both of them said that with the pain came the realization of what they were doing, and it came so strongly that all of a sudden they wanted to live -- even their miserable lives -- more than they'd ever wanted anything else. This is a well-known psychiatric fact which almost any psychiatrist can tell you; many suicides, when they realize what they are depriving themselves of, want to live.

Why was Kent Moomaw's death such a tragedy? Because Kent Moomaw was a gifted boy. He had the makings of a good critic and a fine creative writer. Of course, we'll never know now. But I think it's at least possible that, had he ever become interested in mainstream writing, Kent Moomaw would have gone beyond fandom to become a good or even great writer. He had a demonstrated knowledge of the art of fiction, and he obviously had the background to draw from to create characters and portray emotion. You can't really portray emotion well unless you've known it yourself. This is one of the reasons why so many of the world's greatest artists have been people who lived in poverty and whose lives were filled with tragedy. Kent had this background, unfortunate as it was to him. And he had the ability. But the background which drove great artists to create drove him to suicide.

telligence and creativity of an artist, and perhaps even the drive. He must have realized that things could get better, and this hope should have been enough to sustain him. It was enough to sustain countless great artists, and it sustains people with far less talent and ability than Kent Moomaw. And I cannot see how someone with Kent's need for appreciation could cut himself off from the appreciation -- egoboo, if you prefer -- that his finest effort was sure to gain for him. If "The Adversaries" had appeared and not been appreciated, I might understand his suicide a little better. Then he might have had cause to feel that he had no hope left.

And maybe it wasn't his weakness of will which betrayed him but his emotional weakness and instability, which robbed him of his reason.

- Leslie Gerber

[[[REDACTED]]]

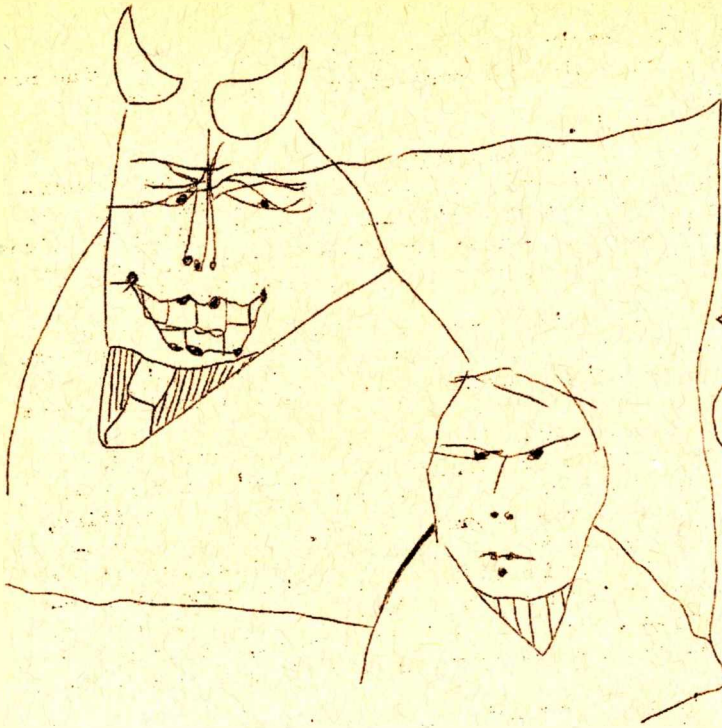
ANDY REISS

I'M QUITTING FANDOM
FOR GOOD. NO MORE
LETTER-HACKING, NO
MORE ARTICLE WRITING.
NO MORE FMZ PUBBING,
NO MORE APA'S. NO MORE
STUFFED MAILBOXES FULL
OF FANZINES AND LETTERS.
NO MORE CONS. NO MORE
BHEER- OR TEA-DRINKING CON-
TESTS...

I'M GOING TO
BE LONELY.

Levi 60

The last piece of fiction we ran in VOID was Kent Moomaw's "The Adversaries." It created quite a stir. It would be pretentious to suggest that the following piece will create the same reactions, but we do feel that it is sufficiently good and unusual to print in a zine which usually avoids such pieces...



a story

written and illustrated

BY ANDREW JOEL REISS

In the beginning God created the Earth. It is nonsense to assume that he created Heaven also, because he was a very young God and Heaven had

been there as long as he could remember and a good deal before that.

So there it was. First a darkness, then a blinding light, and then the Earth was there, just like that. Not the Earth as it is today. It was a good deal less populated then. As a matter of fact, at that particular moment it wasn't populated at all, except for God and some mountains.

God sat on the highest of those mountains and looked down on his work and found it sadly lacking. So for the next million years or so he paced back and forth on that mountain top, wearing it down to a frazzle, and thinking.

First he thought, maybe this should be left as it is. It isn't every God that would have the will-power to create a world that was barren and let it go at that.

Then he thought, I musn't shirk. Leaving it alone and just walking away would be the coward's way out.

So he pulled in his belt a couple of notches, because he had been walking for a million years and he was getting kind of thin and his dungarees were falling down, and he started pacing back and forth again.

He kept this up for another 500,000 years, and then he asked himself a question. Where is this getting me? he asked (pulling in his belt another few notches). Here I am, walking back and forth and back and forth. By God, I'm God. I should be doing something with my life.

So then he started pacing back and forth at right angles to his former path, mumbling and grumbling to himself. He might have kept it up for another 500,000 years, too, had there not been a sudden flash of light and the even more sudden appearance of a rather gaudily dressed individual.

He was wearing a red pin-striped jacket and red pin-striped pants and a red pin-striped shirt and a big green tie with a red, nude woman hand painted on it. He also had cloven hooves (red), two horns (red) and a goatee (red). He smelled as though he had just taken a bath in brimstone.

He was also quite a bit older than God.

"So," he asked, "you got problems, kid?"



God looked at him out of the corner of his eye, but kept right on pacing. His mother had told him not to talk to flashily dressed strangers.

"Look," said Satan, for such he was, "I've had problems. I can sympathize. Let me help you. I won't even charge you for the advice."

God kept right on pacing.

Satan looked melancholy. The corners of his moustache and his goatee started to droop.

"Aw, come on,

kid. Let me help you," he entreated.

By this time God had paced so long and intensely that he had worn a cross into the mountain top. There is definitely no future in this, he decided. So he stopped pacing and asked Satan for suggestions.

"I knew you'd come to your senses kid, I knew it," said that worthy. "Now the first thing you got to do is make a lot of bogs and marshes."

So God waved his hand three times. But instead of bogs and marshes, there appeared clean, fresh rivers, gushing and sparkling in the sunlight on their way down to lakes just as clear and sparkling.

God looked interested and said, "I wonder why that happened," but Satan just looked vaguely unhappy.

He managed to swallow his gloom, however, and soon thought of another suggestion. "Make lots of dying grass and decaying trees," he suggested.

So God waved his hands three times, but instead of decaying grass and trees there appeared clean, new grass and trees dipping down the slopes of the mountains into the valleys below, through which flowed the rivers.

Satan started to get truly angry. "Create loathsome beasts to roam the land!" he screeched. But when God waved his hand three times there appeared beautiful Stallions and all other kinds of beasts that were pleasing to the eye.

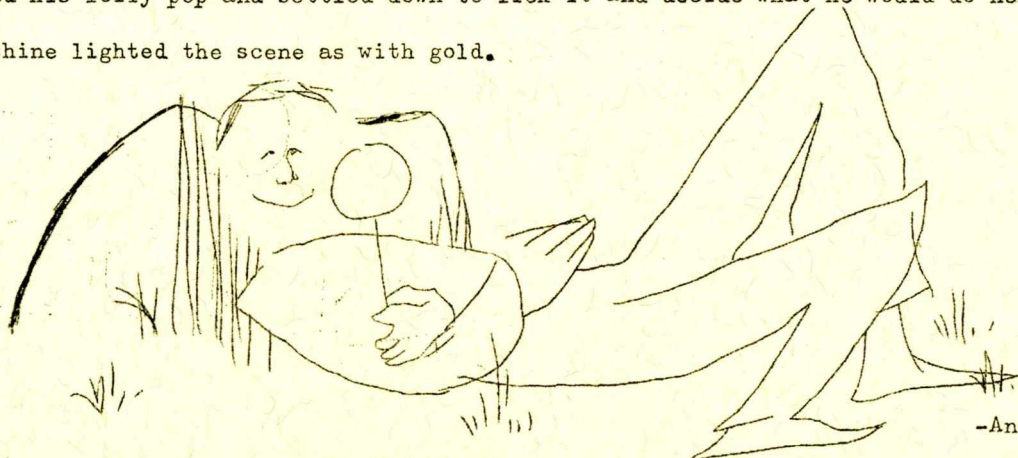
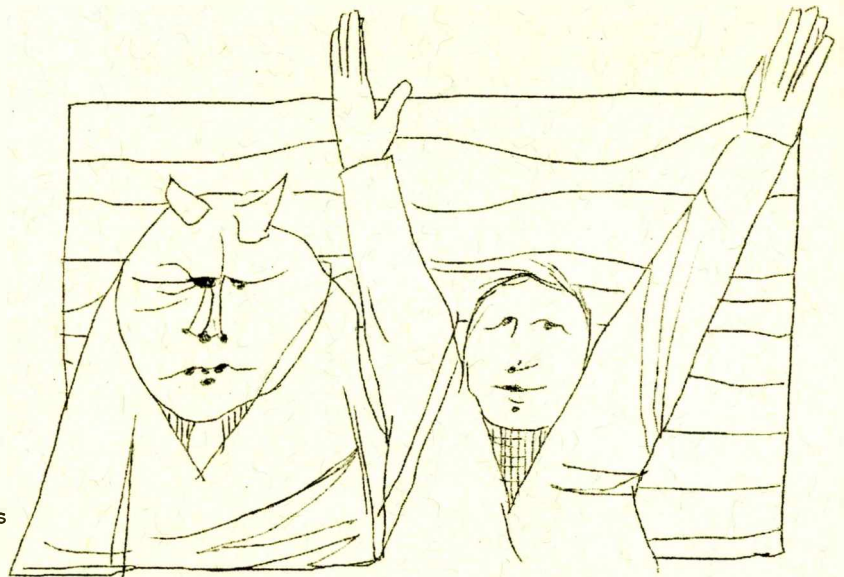
"Create something evil and monstrous!" screamed Satan, jumping up and down in a frenzy.

So God, being young and anxious to please, once again waved his hand three times. But all that appeared was a cellophane-wrapped lolly pop.

Satan stood there, getting redder and redder with rage. Then all of a sudden he went -poof- and disappeared, just like that.

God unwrapped his lolly pop and settled down to lick it and decide what he would do next.

And the sunshine lighted the scene as with gold.



WALTER BREEN: Harry Warner Jr's rundown on circus fandom in VOID 19 served to point up a few parallels between that group and our own; and from time to time in other zines the Baker St. Irregulars and a few other groups have come in for mention as fandoms. But what very few in our own fandom, and apparently nobody in mundane, realize is that there are literally dozens of separate and distinct fandoms, that they have remarkable parallels to each other and particularly to our own, and that they are a sociological phenomenon not hitherto studied. (There is probably a Ph.D. degree in sociology awaiting whoever first investigates them in detail.) In what follows I will enumerate those I have some knowledge about, and sketch the parallelisms among them though without too lengthy analysis of any one group. In my second article, I will document this by analyzing coin fandom in detail. I choose this one for intensive study because it is the one I am most familiar with, and because it is the oldest of all, with a history remarkably like ours. I expect to draw some conclusions from that study, applicable to the future of our own fandom.

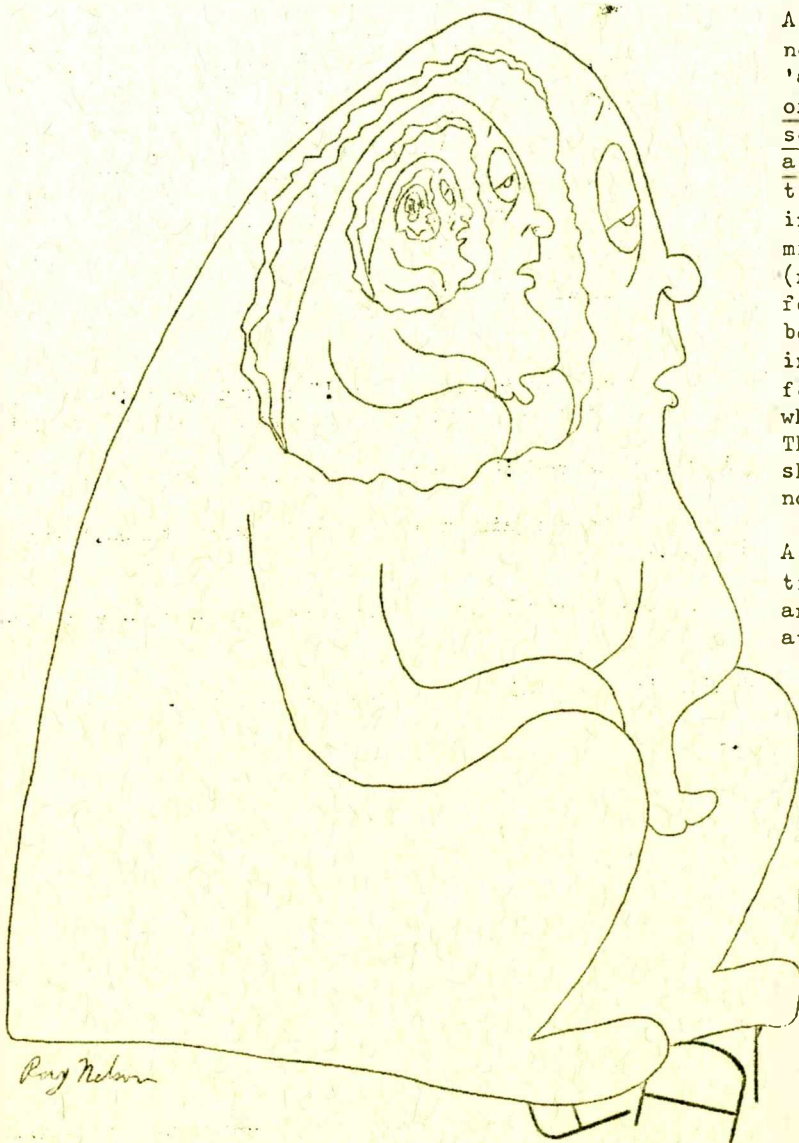
For clarity, let's start with some definitions. The important thing is to distinguish a fandom from a hobby and from a cult, and to make certain that anyone else (in mundane, particularly) who reads this knows exactly what is being discussed. Merely taking it for granted that readers of VOID know what a fandom is, though easy and perhaps okay now, will not necessarily be okay a few decades hence.

Throughout this article I shall use terms from our own fandom, not from chauvinism, but because stfsy fandom--the most self-conscious of them all--has the largest vocabulary. The number of corresponding features between other fandoms and ours is enough to revive my Sense of Wonder!

A hobby is an avocation, some recreational activity one can pursue alone or in groups, but the theme of one's hobby need not necessarily become a center around which an ingroup develops. Hobbies can include anything from model airplane building to travel to solving cryptograms, etc. Some hobby themes have given rise to fandoms.

A fandom is a class of aficionados (informed nonprofessional or noncommercial enthusiasts, 'amateurs' in the original sense of the word) of some particular theme, who consider themselves an ingroup sharing a common argot and a common overall outlook (but without the distinctive features of a cult); such an ingroup inevitably becomes to some extent a mutual admiration or egoboo-generating society, fanac (nonprofit activity indulged in ostensibly for its own sake but often enough for egoboo) being the principal means of obtaining this intragroup recognition. The above underlined features are defining characteristics, without which the group could not be called a fandom. There are of course many other characteristics shared by most if not all fandoms which need not be part of this definition.

A cult is like a fandom, but smaller, more tightly organized (like a coterie or clique), and with a much more worshipful and humorless attitude towards the common theme. Nevertheless there is a little overlapping between a FIAWOL sector of a fandom and



ABOUT THOSE
OTHER
FANDOMS

a cult. Cults are probably the reason why many people try to derive "fan" from "fanatic" when an equally reasonable source word might be "fancier."

In sum, a hobby emphasizes the recreational aspect, a fandom the mutual recognition aspect, a cult the common-worshiper aspect of a theme.

The above definition of a fandom compares well with Eney's insider definition: "the world in which fans live and move and have their being. Sociologically, the class of all fans who are in contact with others, indulging in fanac or simply being aware of the existence of fans all over the world." (FANCYCLOPEDIA II, s.v. Fandom.)

A provisional thesis may now be stated: any hobby theme that can possibly generate ingroup feeling is a theme for a potential fandom. (Though of course not all fandoms arise from hobbies; some are an outgrowth of amateur followings of professions, e.g. railroad fandom, circus fandom; and others arise around some clannish, furtive or even illegal activity which never was really a hobby, e.g. nudism, homosexuality. Nevertheless, the majority began as hobbies.)

The process by which a fandom develops out of a hobby--usually but not always a collecting-type hobby--can be watched in detail over the years by looking through issues of HOBBIES Magazine, which is divided into sections by themes. Some of these sections already read like 7th Fandom crudzines, even to having ghastly neoish letters of comment and still more ghastly sercon pieces--even once in a while philosophizing about the hobby. When a hobby group becomes a fandom, or when a fandom arises out of some other source, most or all of the following features appear:

(1) Ingroup feeling becomes strong--members may refer to the group as a brotherhood or by some other term, even before any formal N3F-type organization has appeared. (This was obviously true in our fandom--see FANCY II s.v. Fandoms, Numerical; and in coin fandom the publications showed this trait for decades before the American Numismatic Association (its N3F) was even thought of, the common term being "the (numismatic) fraternity".)

(2) A hard core of more or less politically oriented fans begins attempting to take over and run the group--not necessarily successfully.

(3) Contrasting attitudes roughly corresponding to our FIJAGH and FIAWOL appear, respectively nearer to hobbies and to cults.

(4) Intragroup communication burgeons as fans become aware of each other's activities over long distances--partly by letter, partly by amateur or even semi-pro publications comparable to fanzines. Early in the game these include sercon pieces, with a small minority of genuinely scholarly works, ay-jay, faanfiction, verse, lettersubstitute material, local club reports, and (once the group is more formally organized) conreports. The writing is judged on nonprofessional standards and is sharply distinguished from mainstream writing, though occasional attempts are made by fans to break into mainstream and tell the world about this glorious activity. Some of these quasi-fanzines are even sold on newsstands (e.g. NF, ONE, MATTACHINE REVIEW, the James Joyce reviewzine whose title I forget at the moment, ETC., various crudsheets relating to coins and stamps, etc.). A few hardcover books may achieve a more or less limited mainstream circulation.

(5) Elaboration of the ingroup language (which sometimes begins with a bunch of technical terms but usually adds slang-type words, nicknames, etc.) continues over the years until the quasi-fanzines become, frequently, obscure to outsiders.

(6) When the theme is esoteric enough to keep the size of the group small, cult-like features develop and the FIJAGH contingent may drop out if it ever existed. This is to a large extent true of the fandoms centering around Joyce, Berlioz and Bruckner; and in another sense it is true of the D.A.R., which is a genuine fandom though with certain special membership requirements.

(7) When the theme is broader, as in our own fandom and coin fandom, an automatic tendency arises to broaden it still further (sometimes with the development of subfandoms or daughter fandom), and some of the more FIJAGH elements may even scoff at the original theme ("Who reads prozines any more?"); from coin fandom at least six other fandoms have arisen, and some of the most scholarly or otherwise high-ranking BNF's of coin fandom no longer even collect coins. They may still write or make speeches about the subject, but just as often their discussions with other fans will cover almost everything except the original theme.

(8) Fanac may or may not include publishing, but this is often a goal--even should this mean only appearing in someone else's publication; it usually does include collecting relics of a more glorious past; it is almost always nonprofit (indeed, by definition it is indulged in for its own sake--profit, if any, is secondary) and it often costs a considerable amount of money over the years. Its reward is egoboo, of course.

(9) Fanac is always sharply distinguished from mundane activities, and always preferred to them, being not only defined as enjoyable but also a kind of symbolic gesture of belonging.

(10) Loose, N3F-like, organizations eventually develop, often complete with internal dissension, political squabbles; the membership is preponderantly male and ranges from rank neos to scholarly BNF's and serconfans (even as with local clubs), and much time is wasted looking for a Purpose--resulting in, quite often, a profusion of Daugherty-type projects. Occasionally something really good is accomplished.

(11) Generally, but not always, these organizations cut across the mundane class structure, in the USA and UK. Exceptions are a few almost completely bourgeois fandoms, a few limited to the nouveau-riche, a few almost entirely upper class (e.g. the D.A.R.), and several whose themes are esoteric enough to limit them to the intelligentsia. Within a fandom, however (with rare exceptions), a person's ego-boo results from his accomplishments within the group, and not from his mundane status. This does not always apply to local clubs.

(12) These organizations are often invaded by vile hucksters, and the fan attitudes towards the latter are fairly consistently ambivalent: dislike of commercialism and parasitism and nonamateur activity, dislike of being forced to pay high prices for highly prized memorabilia, but eventually a dependence on the hucksters for supplies of these relics, and sometimes personal esteem for them.

(13) Once the formal organizations have been around for a while, regional cons and later worldcons are held, and these are similar from one fandom to another: sercon panels, BNF speeches which may or may not be sercon, a bourse where hucksters charge whatever they can get for old zines and other relics (numismatic literature is as highly valued as many old coins, and doubtless Joyce and G&S fans compete for first editions and the like, Vivaldi fans for old and rare recordings, etc.), exhibits, a banquet with much time devoted to introducing BNF's to loud applause, a business session in which the Daugherty-type projects are tossed around, etc. these often relating to ways of gaining mundane recognition.

(14) Recruitment goes on among those sections of the population considered eligible, sometimes on the grass-roots level, but more often by trying to publicize regional cons and worldcons. Coin fandom

has even a "National Coin Week" to its credit, and most of its cons get newspaper coverage.

(15) The national organizations sometimes have OO's with expenses paid for in part by membership dues, in part by vile hucksters' advertisements. There is a similarity among the various OO's which is far more than one would expect from chance. Local organizations often compete for the honor of putting on next year's worldcon, and their advertisements also invade the OO's.

(16) In every fandom of which I have enough knowledge to speak, dis-



tinct historical periods occur comparable to the numerical fandoms which have attracted so much attention in our own fandom.

(17) Over the years, whether or not there is continual addition of material to the original theme (e.g. new stories in proz, new issues of commemorative stamps or coins, etc.), there appears an increasing concentration on past glories within one's particular fandom. Often the theme makes this inevitable --especially when it is something remote from mundane life such as the American Revolution, the Confederacy, etc., or a dying institution like the circus, or the works of some long-dead creative figure like Rabelais or James Joyce or A. Conan Doyle. However, it also occurs when the theme is some furtive, clannish or even illegal activity like nudism or homosexuality. The reason for this concentration of interest on the past is obscure. Escapism?

(18) Ingroup mythologies are the rule, not the exception. They have grown up around individuals or groups of long ago (or sometimes not so long ago) and these now have a legendary quality, or even a sort of magic or charisma, for the ingroup. Sometimes this takes the form "So-and-so actually lived" with half-serious attempts to prove it (e.g. Sherlock Holmes, Ephraim Tutt, etc.); more often it is "So-and-so was one of us" (e.g. coin fandom claims various Roman emperors, later kings, the poet Petrararch, etc.; stamp fans derive egoboo from FRD's membership; homosexuals claim--apparently with some reason--Leonardo, Michelangelo, Frederick II "the Great", Walt Whitman and Tchaikovsky; and our own fandom claims Bloch and Tucker, though with reason it could also claim Queen Christina of Sweden among many others.). At other times it takes the form "So-and-so is (or was) Great!" whether referring to a fan or a pro. Faanish ghods are not unknown elsewhere, nor are demons. Coin fandom used to blaim unduly rare, limited mint issues on one Titus Oates; and there was supposed to be a special coin collectors' corner in heaven reserved for trufan types who never went commercial.

Themes which have resulted in the creation of fandoms include, among many others, the following: Stfsy; the circus (organized as the Circus Fans of America, 1926); rare old coins (see my next article; its N3F is the American Numismatic Association, founded 1891, incorporated 1912); its daughter fandoms centering around old paper money, merchants' tokens, transportation tokens, medals, honorific orders and

decorations, seals, etc.; postage stamps and related items; the American Revolution (organized as the D.A.R. and several other groups); the Confederacy; antique automobiles; ancient music (this has a really fine, fannish local quasi-pro group headed by Noah Greenberg, "Pro Musica Antiqua"); railroads; old trolleys; Sherlock Holmes (organized as the Baker St. Irregulars); Gilbert & Sullivan; Vivaldi; Haydn; Anton Bruckner; Gustav Mahler; James Joyce (there is a little magazine of this fandom, often available at university bookshops); General Semantics (with two rival N3F's, one centered in Chicago and the other in Lakeville, Conn., each with its own following and OO); birdwatching (the Audubon Society); shortwave radio listeners; bullfighting (rapidly becoming a cult); Marxism (whose fandom flourished in the 1930's and is just about dead now); folksongs (Leech was till recently active in this fandom, and published two fanzines for it, the original CARAVAN and GARDYLOO!); model trains (J.V. Taurasi pubs a fanzine for this); nudism (many local groups are organized under its N3F, the American Sunbathing Association, and their publications sometimes read like second-rate apazines); and homosexuality (with two N3F's: "ONE Inc." and the Mattachine Society, both rather on the FLAWOL side and the latter decidedly sercon--or so I am told). The above list makes no pretense to completeness, though I do not think anyone has previously listed as many as thirty-two fandoms. That they are fandoms should not be too hard to prove.

The similarities among the various fandoms, and between them and our own, can perhaps best be explained by assuming that more or less similar mentalities characterize their organizers, and that the birds-of-a-feather principle operates thereafter among the developers and adherents of these fandoms.

In what follows I shall try, not to give a detailed analysis of any particular fandom--that must be saved for future articles by specialists--but instead to give a very brief sketch of each fandom about which I have been able to obtain data, showing the similarities between them and our own under the eighteen headings above.

Circus fandom has been well described by Harry Warner Jr., and has a member in Marion Zimmer Bradley who can perhaps tell more of it, but it issues many publications, in which ample detail can be found. The group is small enough to be almost a cult--it certainly has a Purpose --and members gain egoboo by presenting research projects (usually historical) or by something like the photo exhibit recently held in Grand Central Terminal. From what I have been able to learn, the ingroup language is mainly that of the pros (i.e. the actual circus people), and the general atmosphere is partly nostalgia, partly a rearguard action in trying to keep alive a dying institution. The "charisma" is found in the fact that the group includes many people of extremely high status--actresses, society people, etc.

Coin fandom will be analyzed in detail in the second of these two articles, together with its daughter fandoms, so I shall not say anything about it here. Stamp fandom seems to be an almost exact counterpart of coin fandom, though of course younger, having begun only in the middle or late 19th century.

The D.A.R., S.A.R., Order of the Cincinnati and similar groups are almost small enough and single-minded enough, to be called cults. Since they are extremely wealthy groups, their amateur publications are generally letterpress and sometimes of just about pro quality--no surprise, as many highly educated people are members. Egoboo can be gained from research projects (often enough genealogical) published in the various OO's, or by taking part in the restoration of some colonial estate, battle area, etc. Their preoccupation with the past sometimes approaches morbidity; and the charisma surrounds certain holy places and descendants of Founding Fathers, etc.

Classic automobile clubs /which are not the same things as Antique automobile clubs--classics are usually considered to have been produced after the early 1920's (not that this includes all automobiles thus bracketed) and with few exceptions before 1936; antiques were those produced before the classics --nor also the clubs devoted to special makes like the Model T Ford and various European marques.--tw/ are increasingly numerous and apparently on the FIJAGH side, though obviously limited to people of some means; egoboo comes from organizing caravans and/or meets of the magnificently preserved cars, and sometimes--apparently--from genuine expertise on their construction and servicing.

I shall leave the Baker St. Irregulars to some bi-fan on the west coast, most likely, who can give more details than I could. They have nevertheless been called the closest parallel to our own fandom, though I suspect they are more scholarly than are many sectors of stfsy fandom.

The fandoms organized around individual creative figures are usually small, often cult-like, sercon (naturally), often scholarly and their members gain egoboo from research projects as well as from organizing concerts, stimulating the formation of recording societies, etc.

The General Semantics fandom is basically a scholarly group, but since the (Lakeville) Institute--its sercon and orthodox, Korzybski-worshipping sector--and the more heterodox, "liberal" (Chicago) International Society became rivals there has been a large-scale recruitment from the above-average-educated public. Egoboo can be obtained by taking part in discussion groups (almost always sercon), getting published in local fanzine-type bulletins (these are invariably clubzines but sometimes include outstandingly good material--Robert Anton Wilson, familiar to readers of The Realist, often pubs in the NY clubzine), etc. Its Purpose can be broadly described

as "educating the public towards sanity."

I know little about the birdwatching fandom, but apparently one gains egoboo through bird sightings and helping to set up preserves where rare species are encouraged to multiply. The few birdwatchers I have known are without exception highly dedicated, FIAWOL types, but the fandom seems to be too large to be a true cult. Maybe someone who is more familiar with it will have something to say about it in a future VOID. And I'll let Brooklyn fan Larry Prusak speak for himself about shortwave listening fandom, as he has been an actifan in it.

Bullfight fans gain egoboo from actual attendance at outstanding performances, and from collecting memorabilia of outstanding matadors. The charisma which has become attached to such people as Manolete is utterly incredible to one who has never met an aficionado (indeed, the very word "aficionado" which I am using here in a more generalized sense is due to this fandom). The dedication and religious fervor of the bullfight aficionados are making this fandom into a cult--no surprise, because to the traditionally brought up Spaniard or Mexican the corrida de toros is a religious rite, and the fans are participants in an age-old ritual. All the mundane satire imaginable will have no effect upon them, any more than "Green Pastures" had any effect on pentecostal religions.

Leeh ought to discuss folksong fandom in these pages herself. All I know of it is hearsay but at least enough to convince me that it is a fandom.

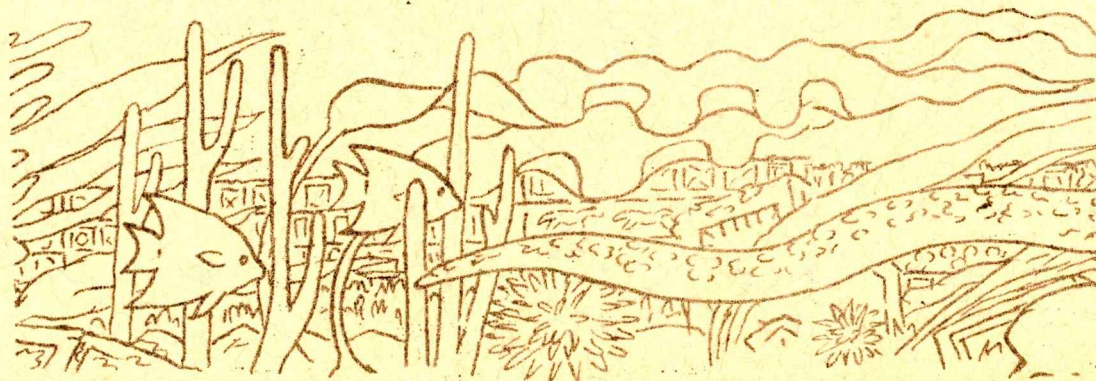
I know nothing more about model train fandom than that it exists and that Taurasi puts a fanzine in it. Maybe he will reveal its true inwardness someday to stfsy fandom.

Nudism is paradoxical--though very large as fandoms go (estimated population 22,500), it has a distinctly FIAWOL dedication and even a cultist flavor. At some later date I'll tell about my own hilarious encounter with a nudist colony, but right now I'll simply mention that nudists have gained egoboo through publication in various clubzines and club sections of the OO's, and through winning court battles to prove that nudist clubs are legitimate organizations dedicated to health and "clean living" (whatever that means) rather than to debauchery, as nudism's enemies have continually claimed. If anything, the majority of nudists I know are a rather prudish lot--this doubtless for protective coloration. "Sunshine fandom" or organized nudism is pretty thoroughly bourgeois in outlook. Its troubles really began when one of its officers, through a legal technicality, ran off with over \$30,000 in Association funds and could not be forced to disgorge them. Afterwards came some legislation and unsuccessful court battles designed to drive nudism out of existence; but public opinion has changed a bit in the last twenty years and now (possibly thanks to the continuous propaganda in its newsstand-sold zines) public opinion is partly dislike, partly pity, partly amused tolerance and partly curiosity.

I understand Ted has someone else already lined to write on the deviant-sex fandom in a future VOID, so I shall say no more about it here. /"F.L.Towner," an acquaintance with more than passing knowledge of the subject has agreed to such an article.-tw/

What can be learned from the above is that people have many reasons for entering one of the existing fandoms (or even founding others)--a growing conviction of the purposelessness of mundane activity, a need (rarely filled in mundane) for activities valued for their own sake, a need to belong to something bigger than themselves which is still not authoritarian or threatening as religions often appear, a need for companionship outside the home and family and office--even outside the church or the lodge, as these too rapidly appear as part of mundane. It would be fuggheaded to denigrate any fandom as purposeless or worthless, since sometimes even their Daugherty-type projects by some miracle or other produce results which any outsider would have to call pleasing or even useful. But even were this not so, fandoms would still be worthwhile if only for the opportunities they provide for egoboo--a precious commodity only rarely (these days of hyperdemocracy and overpopulation) obtainable by the solitary individual.

- Walter Breen



THE INCHMERY BREAKUP has occasioned considerable soul-searching. And it has resulted in a few changes of attitude on my part. My position is a pretty simple one: fandom is a fun-and-games sort of thing, a glorified stage, filled with play-acting and wildly false values. As such it offers much to the fan in it unless they come to confuse fannish "realities" with mundane reality. Kent Moomaw confused the two; he came to regard fandom as the reality, and his frustration in fandom brought about his doom. Last fall FAPA members wondered that, when we were literally starving, we chose to use ten dollars of FAPA's money (borrowed only, and from a treasury with hundreds in surplus) for food. The reality of starvation made no sense to these fandom-oriented members. They were farther out of touch than we were.

Within the context of fandom, I enjoy arguments, feuds, and even a certain amount of vindictiveness (I'd better; there's little I can do about those who feel thus towards me...). Essentially, I'm play-acting on paper--we all are. But when that context of fandom is shorn, and bitter reality peeps through, it is time to lay aside the petty differences inspired by fannish confusion and misinterpretations. Petty feuds lose their significance in the face of death, suicide, or other tragedies.

What I'm getting at is this: The three fans who have comprised Inchmery Fandom are going through a great deal of personal difficulties; it would be malicious and without conscience for me to continue any semblance of a feud with them.

I've written them telling them this, and offering my help when at all possible. I can conceive of no other possible honest course.

The portions of this editorial/column which follow were written about a month ago, and should be taken as such. It does seem strange, though, that the first item related directly to Inchmery, and that an edited section gave my reasons for deciding to vote for Sanderson (I felt that only personal contact between the two of us would iron out our differences) for TAFF...

PAGING THROUGH APE #16, I encountered a letter from Dick Eney, which said among other things, "...Ted instituted a write-or-else policy for VOID and DAG told him to go soak his head. (White later tried the same thing on WSFA and we gave the same reaction...)"

I don't dig this. I mean, yes, I asked Dean Grennell why he hadn't commented on VOID (or anything else I'd published for five years), and he said if I didn't like it, to drop him--and both of us decided to do just that. But the rest of Eney's letter seems quite curious, inasmuch as no one in the DC area has even responded to a VOID except Eney, in a brief, appreciative note. Maybe I was to deduce this "go soak your head" reaction from silence or a telepathic communication?

But that's still beside the point. The point is, why in hell should anyone so violent object to writing a letter of comment on an issue of VOID? I mean, here is a fanzine coming out monthly, twenty-four pages at a time, featuring at least a modicum of good material--and these fans consider it rude of us to ask some sort of acknowledgement! Do they for some reason deem it their privilege for us to waste time, effort, and money so that three or four DC-area fans may receive copies of VOID? Is VOID something they expect without payment?

You can see, this croggles me a bit. Our policy has been pretty lax. If you wrote us a letter every two or three months, or pubbed a slim crudsheet once or twice a year, you got VOID every month. It was easier that way. Now we are asking for a letter or pactsarcd every issue. Nasty us.

Dig: Each issue of VOID costs us somewhere over \$10 to put out--that's \$120 a year at a minimum, and I'm sure the actual figure hovers around the \$200 mark. In addition to the money, there is the actual work of production: stencilling, assembling, stapling, addressing, stamping, etc. These are chores. Right now Les Gerber and Walter Breen are helping out on these, but they didn't begin till V21, and won't always be that handy in the future.

Now I'm not trying to cry on anyone's shoulder. We waste that \$120-200 each year (and it's not tax-deductable), and we put in that work strictly be-



cause the end-product is enjoyable to us, and--ghod forbid--sometimes the intermediary work is too. But outside of the pleasure we get from seeing the first assembled complete copy of a good issue, most of the payment we get--our real reason for being faneds--is the egoboo in the letters we receive. I send big bundles of letters off to Greg each week for him to read and edit. The mailbox is rarely not crammed with letters and fmz sent in trade. This is kicks. It's fun to read all these letter, and bask in the occasional egoboo.

Like, that's why we put out a monthly fanzine; I can't Honestly think of another good reason.

But: It is a drag to send out copies of VOID to people who never reply. People who sit back and maybe read the issue and maybe don't...people about whom we know nothing, simply because they never tell us anything. Why hasn't Dean Grennell commented on an issue of any zine I've published since late 1954? Surely they haven't all struck him as crud... But I don't really know. Dean never bothered to say... Nor have I any idea if those various DC fans want to keep on receiving this zine. That's why we like to hear from our readers...and that's why, after repeated warnings, several DC fans are being cut off the mailing list.

Really: how in hell do we even know whether these zines we send out with monotonous regularity are even being read? In FEMIZINE, Joy Clarke reviewed V19 by simply saying she couldn't find a price tag. The price was printed right where it always is, with the pubbing data. Did she ever get past the covers? How would we know? She hasn't commented on a VOID in a year--and this review didn't mention any of the material.

It's like shovelling communication out into--you'll pardon the expression--a void. No response. That very same issue of APE which contained Eney's letter carried Sanderson's own unwitting rebuttal, an editorial entitled "Fandom is a Way of Communication." It sure is, and anyone who begrudges that communication, who can't even drop us a pootsarcd of reply for our twenty-four pages...well, he can damn well soak his own head.

He sure won't be receiving VOID.

GREG BENFORD, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

Last ish Greg devoted some space to a fan named Marland Frenzel, who called up various Dallas fans in the early hours of the morning with "Hello--Remember, a fan in need is a fan indeed." I was inclined to think that with a name like that, Frenzel was too good to be true. I've been set straight since; I even received a letter from him offering to sell me his comic collection. Isn't that touching? And Les Gerber tells me he used to correspond with Frenzel. Still, you can imagine my surprise when one Saturday afternoon a bunch of us fan types were sitting around here in Twonk Tower and the phone rang and I heard a voice --high and kind of squeaky--which said, "Ted White? Remember, a fan in need is a fan indeed! This is Marland Frenzel..."

I was kind of stunned. I said something like, "Well...uh...oh..." This was ret-ribution indeed. My mind slipped through a welter of emotions like Alice falling down that hole, and descended at about the same speed...until the voice said, "Actually, this is Larry Ivie..." He'd just bought a bunch of old comics from Frenzel, which along with Greg's editorial stimulated him into his little hoax.

I thought that was the end of it, but two days later, there was another phone call. A different squeaky high voice said, "Is this Ted White? Remember, a fan in need is a fan indeed."

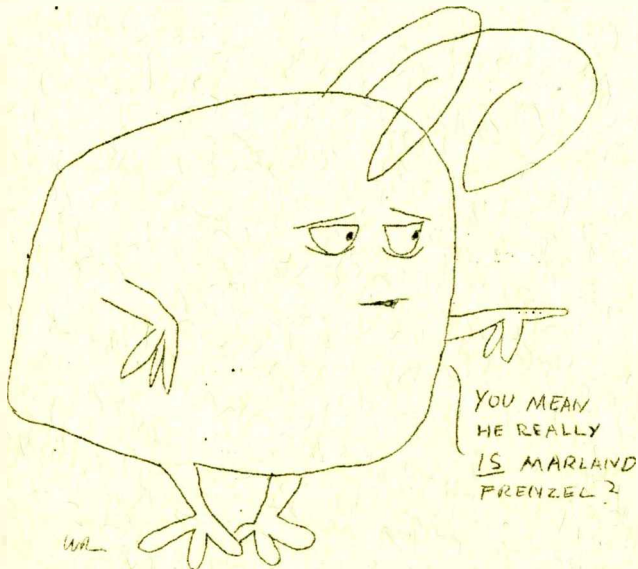
"Sure, Les," I said, guessing the true identity of the caller. Since then there've been a couple of other "Frenzel" calls, which I have cavalierly dismissed with a "Yeah, yeah, so what?"

But I'm beginning to wonder...what if one of these days it is the real Marland Frenzel...?

LITTLE DID I KNOW, DEPT.: Little indeed did I know when I wrote the above line how deadly prophetic it would be. On Wednesday, June 8, 1960, Marland Frenzel arrived in New York. My first warning was about what you'd expect: the phone rang, and when I picked it up, a squeaky, but not so high, rather drawling voice asked hesitantly, "Uh, is this Ted White? A fan in need is a fan indeed." There was a pause, and the voice drawled, "This is, uh, Marland Frenzel speaking, Ted..."

It really was.

Frenzel had contacted his old correspondent, Gerber, and that sly individual had put Marland up to the phone call. The upshot was that the two of them (and Walt Breen, who was coming any-



way) ended up here for the evening. As events transpired, Marland stayed over for the night, sleeping on our sofa, and then accompanied us uptown to see Larry Ivie, Doug Brown and Bill Pearson. (Pearson, by the way, has grown a moustache, and looks veddy bourgeois and well-fed.) We left him with Ivie, and that was the last we saw of him; he continued his journey on up to Connecticut.

Having met him, I might as well tell a little about him. Marland Frenzel is 19, and looks a confused fifteen. He is quite thin, and speaks hesitantly, with a deep Texan drawl. It was impossible to really warm up to him, because he largely remained too distant. The result was that we were constantly talking over his head and pretty much snubbing him. This bothered me, but there wasn't much I could do about it. Marland apparently comes from a mixed up home life, which he one day simply walked out of, wearing the clothes on his back and nothing else. He hitchiked to Wheeling, W.Va., and worked there on a farm owned by a metaphysical group. He brought with him from there some religious tracts, which he left behind him at our place. I read them, and then felt very sad.

THREE LITTLE LETTERS... I see where people are now discussing the meaning and significance of that easily written group of three letters: "DNQ". It seems that to pass something on under a DNQ is the height of rudeness because it scatters rumors without anyone backing them up with his name (and reputation). DNQ has come to mean "when you spread this, don't mention my name."

And then again, a recent Busby letter liberally marked with DNQ's had the comment appended, "These maybe should be 'Do Not Print's". Obviously the DNP is just around the corner...this you can spread freely, so long as it stays out of print.

In light of this, I wonder why fans have overlooked the DRO. "DRO" means "Don't Risk Offending," and apparently this is a rigidly adhered to code, even if not by name. Now, it is perfectly obvious that fans are inveterate gossips, and love to run on at the mouth about all the other fans they know. But strangely enough, most of them are deeply offended if anyone repeats their gossip, acts upon it, or--horrors!--stands up and publicly says what has long been privately acknowledged.

It suddenly occurred to me the other day that the whole reason I have been so open to attack is that I have been stupidly violating the DRO code. I have been candid. I have Said Things. I have allowed myself to hold ideas which were Unpopular, and worse yet, I expressed myself in print! Yes, friends, I have blundered. I have trodden upon fandom's graven images--although sometimes slightly soiled ones; and who wants to be reminded of his soiled gods--and I have spoken without due and proper regard for the delicate natures of those around me.

I want you to know that I now am aware of this error--this glaring fault in my personality--and I shall try whenever possible to avoid naming names, and--better yet!--naming facts. I shall be reticent, trivial, burbling with inoffensive good humor. I shall even institute the DNE--"Do Not Blab" and keep DNQ's strictly to myself.

In fact, now that I think of it, I believe I'd better DNQ this entire editorial.

I'm lying, Terry Carr

ROBERT & ROBERTA TUCKER, Apartment L, 586 - 24th St., Oakland 12, California, are desperately in need of a copy of the September 1953 issue of ROCKET STORIES (v.1,n.3), and will, bigolly, even pay a "reasonable sum" for the zine. Someone out there must have it...drop the Ruckers a line and request ransom; I'm sure everyone will come out happy.

JUST FOR LAUGHS DEPT.: "Poor old Ted White. Guess he still has a chance to grow up some day. If he gets over his inability to laugh." -HPSanderson in APE #16

"Ted manages to achieve humor in his zines by being so utterly humorless himself. (Come to think of it, have I ever seen him smile--either in print or in person? How about it East-coast fen? Does he ever crack that sercon intensity?)" -GMCarr in GEMZINE 4/21 (fall 1958)

"APORRHETA #11...brings to mind something I've been increasingly aware of lately--for all his earnestness, Sandy Sanderson is woefully deficient in any sense of humor." -Ted White in DISJECTA MEMBER #5

Let's all us pots and kettles get together on this...

A LETTER FROM REDD BOGGS mentioning, "I notice that you are still fascinated by the personality of Peter J. Vorzimer, much as Bob Tucker is still fascinated by the personality of Don Rogers," is a perfect lead-in to a fine fade-out lino by Boob Stewart...

got a clash of cymbals and a blare of trumpets from Vorzimer this morning...

- Ted White

REDD BOGGS

All these "other fandoms" such as the circus fandom written about by Harry Warner in this issue, sound pretty dull. Can you imagine caring what circuses played in each city a hundred years ago? Now, of course, I just spent several days going through my prozine files to write a longish article--but that's different. Isn't it? Actually I've no real conviction that sf fandom is superior to these other fandoms, except that it seems more often to take the form of creative activity rather than collecting. Relatively few sf fans become famous merely through their packrat tendencies (Jack Darrow and C.L. Barrett are exceptions, perhaps). ((I always thought Darrow was best known as a letterhack--as, along with Ackerman, one of the very first to haunt the prozine lettercols regularly...-tw)) But in most of these other fandoms collecting and compiling statistics seem to be the most honored pastime.

Andre Norton's article was hardly illuminating. I presume that it was an article written years ago for DIMENSIONS. ((Correct)) Her anthology, Space Service, must have been published seven or eight years ago, from what she says (she mentions "The Specter General" being published while she was compiling the book). I wonder if there's a "wild race" for stories published in current magazines today? There are so few anthologies being issued nowadays that the competition for reprint rights must be a lot less fierce. Of course there isn't much being published that's worth reprinting, but the time may come when it will be worthwhile to have magazine files again. ((The sad but true fact is that today's anthologist cannot simply grab a handful of stories from those in sight and be at all assured that his collection will be a good one. In one respect, I should think the scramble for those few deserving stories still making it into print would be even wilder than before. But if we are to judge from Judy Merrill's SF--The Year's Greatest series, the only "science fiction" now appearing is being printed within the pages of PLAYBOY and THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL. Actually, I think this abysmal series proves rather well that most anthologists, Miss Merrill included, are incapable of exercising literary judgement in selecting the material for their books. When lots of good stuff was appearing, Judy had it made; in recent years she's gone farther afield --into left field, if you will--and missed the mark far more often. Of course, the problem with anthologies is that most are edited by people with only an enthusiasm for their particular field of anthologization, many biases, and little taste. -tw))

Terry Carr's "Barrington Bull" stuff is quite funny, and gives some indication of what happens when the Burbish style goes to College. Burbee once told me that he did some writing in college and had one piece called "Feet" (?) published against his will in a college magazine. I've often wondered what the Burbee of those days sounded like, but Terry's scribblings are the only clue. And of course not a very good one, since Terry isn't Burbee (so far as I know). Fannish techniques of writing applied to mundane activities are always interesting. When Rich Elsberry was editing the U of M's weekly IVORY TOWER, I tried to persuade him to use some quote-covers, but he didn't. I've often wondered whether the customers would have enjoyed them.

Marty Fleischman thinks FANVARIETY "is one of the most overrated fanzines there ever was." I have, I think, a complete file of FV/OPUS, which I've just glanced through. Incidentally all issues are numbered--I can't figure out how Greg could have an unnumbered issue. The magazine is certainly sloppily produced for the most part, and much of the material is poor. It owed its success to several factors: (1) it appeared monthly during most of its career, and was thus an easy way to get your opinions into print fast; (2) Max Keasler was a good friend of most of the BNFs of the day, including Lee Hoffman, Walt Willis, and Rich Elsberry, who supported his effort in various ways; (3) the magazine itself had a rather weird and wacky personality that struck the fancy of fandom. To a large extent this personality transcends everything else about the magazine; it was largely a reflection of Keasler's own personality, I presume, since it was centered largely on the editorial department, variously called "Fingleaf," "Ever Lovin' Yers," and "Now Here This." Keasler was what they call irrepressible.

But there were some good things in FV/OPUS besides Warner's "All Our Yesterdays," which Fleischman mentions. Marion

Bradley contributed "Crying in the Sink" to a number of issues; this fanzine review column later appeared in DIMENSIONS. She also wrote an excellent article, "Worms-eye View of Some Editors" in OPUS 1. Lee Hoffman wrote "The Case of the Conventioneering Corpse" (OPUS 3) and "What! Me A Hack!" (OPUS 6). ((The latter was reprinted in STELLAR 10...-tw)) And best of all, Richard Elsberry contributed two of the best items of the age: his brilliant piece of fanfiction, "The Sportsmen" ("If you work for me, Moscowits, I'll replace your dust jacket to Sexcraft's 'The Insider' that Ricky Slaven trampled") in OPUS 3, and his Chicon report, "The Ice Cream King" ("Mahaffey swallowed the moonshine as impassively as if Ray Palmer had just told her that he had purchased another story from Richard Shaver"), in OPUS 20. I read the latter article in ms and volunteered to stencil it (34 pages) so that it could be given to the fannish public with the least delay. Then there were tons of fabulous Nelson and Keasler cartoons and other goodies. [2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota]

GREGG CALKINS

Andre Norton on anthologies was interesting, partly because I've always felt I could do a lot better than some anthologists, myself, and also because I think she's wrong as hell in thinking that "with the exceptions of the products of a handful of writers there was not much of interest to present-day readers published between 1920 and 1940" and so on. It's a common enough mistake--at least many people seem to think the same way Norton does--but in my opinion I'd say that there was more worthwhile sf published from 1920-1940 than from say 1954 on to the present. ((With the exceptions of the products of a handful of writers there has not been much of interest to present-day readers published between 1954 and now...-tw)) But each to his own opinion...some eschew only the new, some the old, and to hell with the truth. ((In this case, the 'truth' is pretty subjective.-tw)) It's the old I've-made-up-my-mind-man-don't-confuse-me-with-facts syndrome.

Terry Carr's editorials for the Barrington Bull were hilarious, by far the best I've ever read of his writings and well deserving fannish reprint. Too bad Terry doesn't do something like this regularly for fandom. ((His "Fandom Harvest" in CRY is a close thing.-tw))

I won't say much about your con report except that I found it quite interesting, all the more so because you express yourself throughout the telling as a person rather than the usual semi-detached observer found in most reports. Makes me faunch to attend another convention myself, though--it's been a long time since the last one for me. [1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah]

VIC RYAN

As to the VOID covers which have seemed to have been interpreted in a variety of ways; I can't see how they could be considered serious (with the possible exception of "The Fanzine of Letters & Letters and Still More..." on your 16-1/2 issue). If you were setting out to dominate the fanzine field, surely you'd be a bit more subtle, as fans can be ruggedly individualistic, as you undoubtedly know.

Naturally

Bloch would be expected to relate some of the crackpot mail he receives; I gather most pros find the trash desecrating their doorsteps at various times. Rog Phillips, 'frinstance, conceitedly wrote "Christ: An Autobiography" relating his mail, and Tucker penned "Faaaaan Mail" which was reprinted in the latest PLOY. And both did a more interesting job, but only because they devoted a great deal of space to the more amusing examples of the material about which they were writing. Bloch, on the other hand, prefers to label all the mail of this sort which he receives as "pathetic"; come on, Bob, there must be something worthy of print. ((I'm thinking of publishing my collection of crackpot letters from the IMAGINATION pen-pal club...I didn't join, but someone got my name. Come to think of it, that club probably catered to the same group as PSYCHO stirred up...-gb))((And maybe I should dig out all the letters I received after EC plugged an EC fanzine I published six years or so ago...most of them were written in pencil or crayon(')...-tw))

In what order was the material stencilled? I'd say Warner's article was done fairly early; Andre Norton in the middle; Terry Carr more recently; Bloch, medium to lately; open letter recently; Greg's editorial early. OK, so I missed 'em all, so what? ((For the record: the cover, and pages 5 thru 17 were stencilled and run off in late June, 1959. (The Barrington Bull editorials were cut on some very poor, dried out stencils which mimeod badly.) The open letter was written in June, and, along with my editorial and the letters, stencilled in February of 1960. Greg's editorial was cut sometime during the fall of 1959. Happy? -tw)) [2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois]

MIKE DECKINGER

Yes, I did receive VOID, wish the cover pic had been a little clearer, but the banner was enough. It's amusing to note you say the maximum pages of a zine you get through the mail with 6¢ is 52 pages--if you'll check, you'll see that HOCUS was 56 pages, and I had 6¢ on each copy, and none were returned for inefficient postage. Of course in the condition which I've heard that many received it, like you, perhaps this was just the Post Office's way of getting revenge on me.

Now, I completely do agree with your condemnation of the Post Office, and think of how screwed up things are there, and then you read

that Ike wants to get Congress to raise postal rates on first class mail from four to five cents, and at least 25% on third class matter (fanzines). No doubt to provide more disservice. ((Speaking of genuine postal disservice, I would like to receive, neatly typed on a separate sheet of paper over your signature and minus any extraneous matter, any legitimate complaint against the PO any of you may have. Unusual delays of delivery of mail, mail damaged or partly missing, money missing, etc. Particularly complaints you can document of mail never being received by you or the person you sent it to. If sufficient replies on this request come in, I shall bundle the lot and send them to the postal inspectors. Any complaints you make, you must be willing to stand behind. -tw)) So far I've received several comments about the condition in which HOCUS was received. You were missing the first several pages, Norm Metcalf received a copy in which the last few pages dangled precariously loose, Bob Jennings received a copy with all the staples missing, as were half the pages. Now that gets me PO'd. I can just picture a little man sitting in the office with a staple remover by him carefully pulling out all the staples in the zine, shuffling the pages about, and then tossing it on a pile. I don't think I'll be putting "Contents: Pornography" on the wrapper anymore. I can easily believe that there are just such gullible people who will actually believe it. And getting a little further, who can say really what pornography is? Certainly least of all the Post Office. I think that the P.O. should have received enough fanzines by now to realize that they are not cheap pornographic pamphlets which are occasionally sent via the mails. And if I ever sent real pornography through the mail, I certainly would not be stupid enough to advertise it. ((No, but the PO would be stupid enough to believe you if you continued putting "Pornography" on your wrappers.-gb)) [85 Locust Ave., Millburn, NJ]

JOE PATRIZIO

Every fmz I pick up seems to have something by Harry Warner in it, and what surprises me is that everything that he writes is good. To a great extent, circuses bore me, and when I saw that Harry's article was about them, I must admit I gave a moan. But I needn't have worried; Harry was right up to standard, and nobody can say more than that.

If Terry Carr can get a few dozen copies of that last issue of the BULL, he'll make a fortune selling them in fandom. Great stuff, this. ((It's a rare thing when I cut out egoboo for myself, but cut here I must. Joe thot my "Open Letter to Lowndes" was the best item in the issue--something several people have agreed upon, which confuses me since on rereading it I disliked it--and then goes on to comment for several pages on the topics raised in that piece. It's the sort of set of comments which is impossible to edit. It was all or nothing; sorry, Joe, this time it was nothing... -tw)) [72 Glenvarloch Cresc., Edinburgh 9, SCOTLAND]

DICK SCHULTZ

Richard Wingate does a beautiful Feiffer-type cartoon. But it is nought but a Feiffer imitation, as it stands. Give me the patisches that Les Nirenberg does for CRY, thank you. If I want Feiffer characters, I'll take out "666" to read. But if Wingate can try giving some inner-circle, or fannish meaning to the punchline, it might draw even more plaudits. ((Wingate is not a fan, actually, but just a friend of the fans in and around the Baltimore area. His two Feiffer-type strips were merciless caricatures of a couple of fantypes he had met. Now, unfortunately, Dick is in Miami recuperating from a collapsed lung, and probably won't be supplying any more strips, fannish or otherwise...-tw))

Terry Carr manages to become a Fabulous Fannish Personality within the pages of the Barrington Bull. One immediately wishes that the other editorials of the Bull were available for reading. In other words, it seemed much too short. ((Terry might have one of two copies of THE FAPAL BULL still around; this originally appeared in FAPA and reprinted the previous year's Bull editorials.-tw)) Bar none, this is the finest single piece in VOID.

For once I feel I can say that Bob Bloch was not superb. Bloch should only start worrying when he starts getting Payola from the knife mfg.'s and mortuary owners. And as long as none of his fans starts sending him any of their ghoulish homework for grading and approval.....

Tinkertoy Thinking in stories is not, and has not always been absolutely bad. Look at the stories of the '40's, where the lack of any science never hurt a durned good story. It is only lately that this lack of science in science fiction has coincided always with cruddy writing. ((But it's not lack of science! "Tinkertoy Thinking" is the use of contrived writing or situations, or playing ineptly with science, not excluding science. Good stories never contain an appreciable amount of tt-thinking.-gb)) [19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan]

LES NIRENBERG

A couple of days ago I answered a letter from Bob Lichtman in which I referred to VOID as a "Texzine". Please pardon me. Like every other zine I've received in the past, I always look inside the front cover for the name of the faned. Of course I saw Greg's name and address first. I know I could have looked over to the other side of the page and then I would have seen Ted's name too, but you see, I didn't want to get eyetracks all over the thing, it being in such beautiful shiny condition. Bob an-

swered that VOID was not a Texzine, and after reading it I was to learn that this was true. It's an Oklaz...no, it's a Greenwich Vil...no... hell, I don't know. If you guys would stop moving around maybe I'd know what the hell kinda zine VOID is!

"THE FMZ THAT DARES DISCUSS SCIENCE FICTION" or should that be, "THE FMZ THAT DARES SHOW PEOPLE ON THE COVER DISCUSSING SCIENCE FICTION"? Who are the guys on the cover? They look like they're deeply engrossed in discussing science fiction. If so, what's the idea of discussing science fiction in the men's john? ((Symbolic Value, is what.-gb))

Harry Warner's "Circus Fandom" piece was interesting and I know of at least one person in stf fandom who would get a kick out of it, Marion Z. Bradley. I guess there are a lot of fandoms we never even heard of in existence. I wonder if there's one for people who like cheesecake, Cheesecake Fandom. Of course it would have to be divided into sections like our numbered fandoms. So that means they would have a Cherry Cheesecake Fandom, an Apple Cheesecake Fandom, a Blueberry Cheesecake Fandom, etc. ((No Pin-Up Cheesecake Fandom?-tw)) Various members could bake cheesecakes and send them to other members via the mails. They could have an annual convention where awards could be presented for the best cheesecakes of the year, the best filling, the best crust, etc., and famous cheesecake bakers and delicatessen owners could come and talk about cheesecake (the dirty pros). There could be panel discussions on the problems of cheesecake marketing (like, why do some delicatessen owners put all their cheesecake under the counter where it can't be seen?). Interesting, no? ((Do you read that crazy Betty Crocker stuff?-gb)) The Coexistence Candy Store, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ont., CANADA

+++++

BOB LICHTMAN

Finally got my copy of VOID #19 and it's a good job. Surprisingly, very little is dated, perhaps because each fanzine operates in a little space-time continuum of its own so that even the most irregular seem to be current and up-to-date.

Greg's editorial this time serves as a perfect foil to yours, Ted. While he concerns himself with turning out some rather tight, fannish humor, you go along being rather Serious for the most part. ((I think if I reprinted a batch of Willis' lighter items and signed my name to it, people would say, "White wrote another serious editorial..." -tw)) I'm glad to see VOID is going to be coming out monthly again and whether it's you or Sylvia doing the work is immaterial: a monthly VOID is getting to be Essential ((Careful, lad; you're treading on dangerous ground! -tw)), even though I should kick myself for wishing yet another monthly fmz on my overloaded fmz pile. There's enough of them now, what with CRY, YANDRO, and the rest.

Warner on Circus Fandom is interesting if not commentable. That will probably be the prime problem in running these Other Fandom articles; scarcely anyone in Ourfandom will know enough about the other one to comment decently and at length.

Andre Norton is not too interesting with her talk of anthologies, as anyone who's read one or two of Conklin's collections already has heard much of her article before. ((Yes, but don't you see? Andre Norton is one of those Big Name Pros whom we Humble Fans must fawn over! Aren't you enthralled to find the likes of her within VOID's crummy pages???) Anthology-assembling is a fine sport, but the trouble is that nearly everything worthwhile has been anthologized already. The fan who says, "Gee, I could put together a better anthology than that with my fingers in my mouth" would probably have a hard time of it unless he just took the best from his own favorite anthologized stories. ((There's the idea: an anthology of the Best Of Anthologies! -tw)) Finding enough unanthologized stories is difficult: remember Sturgeon's law.

The collection of Barrington Bull editorials is by far the best thing this time round. Ghod, if these are the results of editing, I wonder what the "best" ones were like? Terry seldom writes to this high a level in fandom.

Why is it that everytime I read something by H.L.Gold in a fanzine it sounds exactly like one of his damned GALAXY editorials!? It makes me so damn mad--I hate GALAXY editorials! ((Didn't you know? GALAXY editorials are In this year.-tw))

I'll be interested in hearing what Willis has to say about FAN VARIETY (two words, like, people). ((Walt has been too busy for comments on VOID, although he is preparing a contribution. And are you sure FV is two words?-tw)) I've never seen a copy myself, but if it's anything like the stray issues of Max's SAPS-FAPA mag A LA BABOOM then I'll have to agree with Marty, at least (and only) on the sloppy and poor typography part. As for the last, wasn't Keasler noted for his lousy typing?--sort of a 6F Don Durward...

Actually, most fanzines then and now are tremendously sick looking creatures. The present-day fandom seems to have discovered all sorts of tricks to work with mimeo and ditto, but this has all popped up in the last few years, seemingly. Most of the older zines I've seen are rather plain in appearance; even the fabled QUANDRY was mimeod on pulp paper in plain black ink. There were exceptions, of course. Items like Shelby Vick's vicolor covers and his fancy multi-color interior work shine out in my fanzine collection, rivalling in workmanship even the current products. But overall, today's zines are better--production-wise--than those of yore. [6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California]

+++++

JOHN CHAMPION

Gah to the idea of returnable beer cans. It's bad enough to have to shell out a deposit on Olympia bottles--of course, you can always take it as an extra cost and throw the things away anyway, but thrifty (or rather, avaricious) people like me flinch at the thought. Besides, what will this do to the fine old sport of crushing beer cans in one hand to show off one's tremendous strength? Aluminum is so soft that from now on anybody will be able to do it. Which brings up another thought--seems to me these aluminum cans are likely to dent very easily. Which is not a good thing for beer cans to do. The "decrease in weight" is rather silly--any six-year-old can carry fifty empty beer cans in one hand without half trying. ((Any six-year-old with a large grip, that is...-tw))

Something about GAL-
AXY that nobody ever says, it seems--now, I buy it all the time, and think it's probably worth the money. I enjoy reading GALAXY, is the point. Not particularly to have my cortex stimulated, or to find classics of sf, or like that--no, when it comes to GALAXY, my reasons are purely hedonistic. I can invariably count on reading an issue in a couple of hours, and enjoying almost all the stories, and forgetting most of them in a week. It's one of the most pleasant time-killers I know of. I almost never argue about its quality, be it good or bad--I don't know. Gold may desire better reasons than this for liking his mag, but he's got my blessing, neertheless. ((What is there about GALAXY that elevates it in this respect over the other surviving stf mags? -tw))

The Detention Report was highly interesting--actually, it's about the first one I've seen aside from segments of Berry's. More than that I can't say, except it's probably a good thing you said you thought the Detention was one of the best cons in years, or thousands of letters would have come in bitching about nasty ol' Ted White. Such, it seems, is the price of plain speaking.

Sneary's "Biggest Noise Fans" I nominate for one of the best phrases of the year. [Box 5221 University Station, Eugene, Oregon]

+++++

The letters will be continued in sections to come

...

+++++

pirating from the masters --

FAPA FIELD

In FAPA field the poppies blow
Beneath the crosses, row on row
That mark our places; and mimeo machines
Turn bravely, still rubbing fapazines.
Scarcely noted to the truefans below.

We are the dead. Short years ago
We fanned, wrote columns, attended cons
Drank cases and cases of bleer, and now we lie
In FAPA field.

Take up our place in fandom, Djau
To you from failing hands we throw
The duper; use it, take up our cry
But if ye break faith with we who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In FAPA field.

-probably Bob Stewart (from
his intended circa '53 fmz)



WDD 22-1

Ted White, publisher
107 Christopher St., Apt. 15
New York 14, N.Y.
U.S.A.

PRINTED MATTER ONLY - THIRD CLASS MAIL

FORWARDING (please try!) AND RETURN POSTG. GTD.

FORM 3547 REQUESTED

"...the fragmentary fanzine..."

Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St.
South Gate
California

